

BABCOCK'S

MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING

TOY BOOKS.

THE
SNOW-DROP;

A collection of

NURSERY RHYMES

By the Authors of

ORIGINAL POEMS.



NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY S. BABCOCK.

1841.



James Herbert Stearns
from Mount Airy

THE
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A collection of
RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

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EMBELLISHED WITH BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



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ABOUT LEARNING TO READ.

Here's a pretty good book, full of verses to sing,
But Lucy can't read it ; oh ! what a sad thing.
And such funny verses, and pictures too—look :
I am glad I can read such a beautiful book.

But come, little Lucy, now what do you say ;
Shall I begin teaching you pretty great A ?
And then all the letters that stand in a row,
That you may be able to read it, you know ?

A great many children have no kind mamma,
To teach them to read, and poor children they are ;
But Lucy shall learn all her letters to tell,
And I hope by-and-by she will read very well.

FOR A LITTLE GIRL THAT DID NOT LIKE TO BE WASHED.

What ! cry when I wash you, not love to be clean !
Then go and be dirty, not fit to be seen :
And till you leave off, and I see you have smiled,
I can't take the trouble to wash such a child.

Suppose I should leave you now just as you are,
Do you think you'd deserve a sweet kiss from papa,
Or to sit on his knee and learn pretty great A,
With fingers that have not been washed all the day ?

Ay, look at your fingers, you see it is so :
Did you ever behold such a black little row ?
And for *once* you may look at yourself in the glass ;
'There's a face to belong to a good little lass !
Come, come then, I see you're beginning to clear,
You won't be so foolish again, will you, my dear ?



SLEEPY HARRY.

"I do not like to go to bed,"
Sleepy little Harry said,
"Go, naughty Betty, go away,
I will not come at all, I say !"

Oh, what a little silly fellow!
 I should be quite ashamed to tell her;
 Then, Betty, you must come and carry
 This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,
 They go to roosting when they ought;
 And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,
 Who wanders with his naked feet,
 And has not where to lay his head,
 Oh, he'd be *glad* to go to bed.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who showed the little ant the way
 Her narrow hole to bore,
 And spend the pleasant summer day,
 In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her clever nest,
 Of wool, and hay, and moss:
 Who told her how to weave it best,
 And lay the twigs across?



Who taught the busy bee to fly
 Among the sweetest flowers,
 And lay his feast of honey by,
 To eat in winter hours ?

'Twas God, who showed them all the way,
 And gave their little skill,
 And teaches children, if they pray,
 To do his holy will.



THE FROLICKSOME KITTEN.

Dear kitten, do lie still, I say,
 I really want you to be quiet,
 Instead of scampering away,
 And always making such a riot.

There, only see ! you've torn my frock,
 And poor mamma must put a patch in ;
 I'll give you a right earnest knock,
 To cure you of this trick of scratching.

Nay, do not scold your little cat,
 She does not know what 'tis you're saying
 And every time you give a pat,
 She thinks you mean it all for playing.

But if poor pussy understood
 The lesson that you want to teach her,
 And did not choose to be so good,
 She'd be, indeed, a naughty creature.



PLEASURES GRANTED.

There's many a gay painted toy
 Procured in a fine London shop,
 Which I will present to my boy—
 A hoop, or a ball, or a top.

There's many a beautiful book
 With pictures and pretty prints in it,
 In which 'twill delight him to look,
 And he by good conduct may win it.

And when he is able to read
 Whatever the volume contains,
 A book will delight him indeed,
 And amply reward all his pains.

The summer's bright genial hours
 To him many treasures will bring,
 Fruits, pebbles, and beautiful flowers,
 As gay as a butterfly's wing.

A nice little barrow or cart,
 To wheel stones and rubbish away,
 His Mother to him will impart,
 If he pretty lessons will say.

A spade, and a rake, and a hoe,
 And many a gardening tool,
 On him she will gladly bestow,
 If he'll be attentive at school.

A very nice osier basket
 My Herbert from me shall receive,
 If he will but prettily ask it,
 And all that I tell him believe.

A trunk, and a bag, and a box,
 In time he'll be sure to possess :
 And when he his treasures unlocks,
 His stars he will certainly bless.

Some day a mahogany desk
 My Herbert from me shall obtain,
 Not inlaid with rich Arabesque,
 But handsome, and solid, and plain.

And when he's a much bigger boy,
 A store of good books he'll collect ;
 A bookcase will add to his joy,
 And that he may fairly expect.



CONSEQUENCES OF AGE.

True, Robert is now in his prime,
 But, if it please God, he should live,
 He must yield, like the beggar, to time,
 And all that God chooses to give.

His back may be bent like a bow,
 His eyes, now so clear, may grow dim,
 His hair may turn white as the snow,
 And feeble may be ev'ry limb.

Ah! Robert, if such be the case,
 Reflect, ere you dare to make game
 Of the aged, whose figure, or face
 May be chang'd without causing them shame.

Yes, with pain, I remark'd your rude smile,
 As you pass'd a lame beggar just now ;
 Cruel boy, could you really revile
 An object, whom *God* had made so.



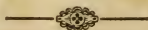
GOING TO BED.

Down upon my pillow warm,
 I do lay my little head,
 And the rain, and wind, and storm,
 Can not come too nigh my bed.

Many little children poor,
 Have not any where to go,
 And sad hardships they endure,
 Such as I did never know.

Dear mamma, I'll thank you oft
 For this comfortable bed,
 And this pretty pillow soft,
 Where I rest my little head.

I shall sleep till morning light,
 On a bed so nice as this ;
 So, my dear mamma, good night :
 Give your little girl a kiss.



WORKING.

Well, now I'll sit down, and I'll work very fast,
 And try if I can't be a good girl at last :
 'Tis better than being so sulky and haughty,
 I'm really quite tired of being so naughty.

For, as mamma says, when my business is done,
 There's plenty of time left to play and to run :
 But when 'tis work-time, I ought to sit still,
 And I know that I *ought*, so I certainly will.

But for fear, after all, I should get at my play,
 I will put my wax-doll in the closet away ;
 And I'll not look to see what the kitten is doing,
 Nor yet think of any thing else but my sewing.

I'm sorry I've idled so often before,
 But I hope I shall never do so any more ;
 Mamma *will* be pleased when she sees how I mend,
 And have done this long seam from beginning to end !



WHICH IS THE BEST WAY TO BE HAPPY ?

I think I should like to be happy to-day,
 If I could but tell which was the easiest way :
 But then, I don't know any pretty new play :

And as to the old ones—why which is the best ?
 There's fine blind-man's-buff, hide-and-seek, and
 the rest ;

Or pretending it's tea-time, when dollies are dress'd !

But no—let me see, now I've thought of a way,
 Which would really I think be still better than play,
 I'll try to be good, if I can, the *whole day*.

Without any fretting or crying : oh, no,
 For *that* makes me unhappy wherever I go,
 And it *would* be a pity to spoil the day so.



I don't choose to be such a baby,—not I,
 To be peevish and cross and just ready to cry :
 And mamma 'll be so pleased, that at least I will try!



IDLE MARY.

Oh, Mary, this will never do !

This work is sadly done, my dear,
 And then so little of it, too !

You have not taken pains, I fear.

Oh no, your work has been forgotten,

Indeed you've hardly thought of *that* ;
 I saw you roll your ball of cotton
 About the floor to please the cat.

See, here are stitches straggling wide,

And others reaching down so far ;
 I'm very sure you have not tried
 In this, at least, to please mamma.

The little girl who will not sew,

Must neither be allowed to play ;
 And then I hope, my love, that you
 Will take more pains another day.

THE REQUEST DENIED.

“ Now give me the scissors, I pray,”
Young Herbert impatiently cried ;
His Mother was forced to say, “ Nay,”
And thus his request was denied—

“ The scissors so pointed and keen
Are not for my Herbert to handle ;
I trust he will never be seen
Attempting to carry the candle.

A knife with a sharp shining blade
To such a small youth I refuse
And forks, which so pointed are made,
I can not permit him to use.

The tongs I forbid him to touch,
The poker he'd best leave alone,
The shovel he never can clutch
Till he older and stronger is grown.

The coal-box so heavy and black,
And filled up with coals to the brim,
Would burthen his poor little back,
'Tis not to be lifted by him.

The brush and the long dirty broom,
 Pray put away out of his sight ;
 I bought them for cleaning the room,
 And not for my Herbert's delight.

His dear Papa's very keen razor,
 If ever she saw in his hand,
 How much it would shock and amaze her !
 He'd have a severe reprimand.

And as to the rusty old ax
 We saw lying under the hedge,
 The oak-tree may feel how it hacks,
 But we will beware of its edge.

The china he never must claw :
 The glass so transparent and polished,
 If e'er it came into his paw,
 I fear would full soon be demolished.

The rod, and the whip, and the cane,
 I hope we need never produce ,
 Long may they in pickle remain,
 But never be brought into use !

And may no ridiculous whim
 Cause Herbert their faces to see !
 The rod will be nothing to him,
 If he'll be obedient to me."



THE BEE.

Maria hears the honey bee,
 And shrinks with fear his form to see ;
 Maria need not be afraid,
 It will not hurt the little maid

Though on her arm it choose to light.
 The noisy insect will not bite ;
 Unless she tries to strike it down ;
 Be wise and let it quite alone.

If kindly used, bees seldom sting ;
 There, see again it spreads its wing ;
 'Tis going home to leave its store,
 Then back will come, to seek for more.

Look in the hive, observe their plan,
 And find a lesson there for man ;
 No idle inmate will you see,
 For ever active is the bee.



THE LITTLE CHILD.

I'm a very little child,
 Only just have learned to speak :
 So I should be very mild,
 Very tractable and meek.

If my dear mamma were gone,
I should perish soon, and die,
When she left me all alone,
Such a little thing as I !

Oh, what service can I do,
To repay her for her care ?
For I can not even sew,
Nor make any thing I wear.

Oh then, I will always try
To be very good and mild ;
Never now be cross or cry,
Like a fretful little child.

For sometimes I cry and fret,
And my dear mamma I tease ;
Or I vex her, while I sit
Playing pretty on her knees.

Oh, how can I serve her so,
Such a good mamma as this !
Round her neck my arms I'll throw,
And her gentle cheeks I'll kiss.

Then I'll tell her, that I will
Try not any more to fret her,
And as I grow older still,
Try to show I love her better.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.

There's a poor beggar going by,
I saw him looking in,
He's just about as big as I,
Only so very thin.

He has no shoes upon his feet,
He is so very poor :
And hardly any thing to eat
I pity him, I'm sure,

But I have got nice clothes, you know,
And meat, and bread, and fire ;
And dear mamma, that loves me so,
And all that I desire.

If I were forced to stroll so far,
Oh dear, what should I do !
I wish he had a kind mamma,
Just such a one as you.

Here, little boy, come back again,
And hold that ragged hat,
And I will put a penny in,
There, buy some bread with that.

LITTLE BIRDS AND CRUEL BOYS.

A little bird built a warm nest in a tree,
And laid some blue eggs in it, one, two, and three,
And then very glad and delighted was she.

And after a while, but how long I can't tell,
The little ones crept one by one, from the shell ;
And their mother was pleased, for she loved them
all well.

She spread her soft wings on them all the day long,
To warm and to guard them, her love was so strong ;
And her mate sat beside her, and sung her a song ;

One day the young birds were all crying for food,
So off flew their mother, away from her brood ;
And up came some boys who were wicked and rude.

So they pulled the warm nest down away from
the tree ;

And the little ones cried, but they could not get
free ;

So at last they all died away, one, two, and three.

But when back to the nest the poor mother did fly,
Oh, then she set up a most pitiful cry !

And she mourned a long while, and then lay down
to die !

THE STAR.

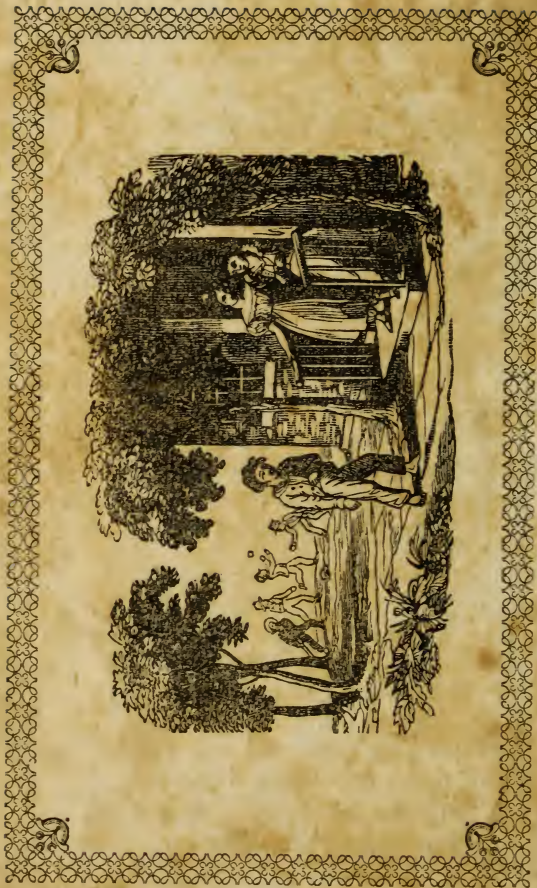
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,—
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark!
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the trav'ler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star





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